

*Eng Poetry vol 30.*

A D V I C E  
TO THE  
L A D I E S  
O F  
G R E A T B R I T A I N ; *k*  
Ladies O  
A N E W  
Court B A L L A D.

---

—*Amor Omnibus idem.*

O V I D.

---



---

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MOORE, near St. Paul's.  
M. DCC. XXX.

(Price Sixpence.)

ADDITIVE

ENTOT

2 ENGLAND

TO

GRANAT BRYGIANI

WENK A.

COUNT BALIARD



QAVID



LEADER

Printed for A. Moorby Esq. M.DC.XXX.

(This picture)



A D V I C E  
T O T H E  
Ladies of G R E A T B R I T A I N.

*To you Fair Ladies now at Land.*

## I.

**Y**E Ladies Fair, of Britain's Isles,  
In Country, Town, or Court;  
That deal in reciprocal Smiles, I  
At Places of Resort;  
Soft Beauteous Dames, when Virtue fails,  
Beware of peeping *Abigail's*.  
*With a Fal, la, la.*

## II.

When the soft Fire of lawless Love  
Invades a Tender Mind,  
And gives a strange Desire to rove,  
For Variety inclin'd;  
Secure yourselves from being undone,  
And Swains from Verdicts of Crim. Con.  
*With a Fal, la, la.*

## III.

## III.

While Slaves and Varlets pry about,  
 To find out an Amour,  
 What each Unworthy Servile Lout  
 Ne'er thought to do before :

But Plac'd i'th' Customs and Excise,  
 Because they'd neither Ears nor Eyes.

*With a Fal, la, la.*

## THE IV. O T

~~A Countess near Hanover-Square,~~  
~~Whom I care not to name,~~  
~~That for a certain Noble P--r~~  
 She hath an ardent Flame :  
 A Curtain through a Window thrown,  
The Signal sure her E-l's from Home.

*With a Fal, la, la.*

## V.

~~Sir R--n Busness lays aside~~  
~~For Half-a-dozen Hours;~~  
 Leaves Brother C---- the H-lm to guide,  
 And deal with Foreign Powers ;  
 Divested of his Trusty Jack,  
 Slides cross the Park in Curtain'd Hack.

*With a Fal, la, la.*

## VI.

When Nation's State, and Great Debate,  
 Calls P----'s Voice and Power,  
 Let no Gr-n G-rt-d empty Pate  
 Disturb his happy Bower.

*My Life, my Soul, could there be Ill  
 In making Party at Quadrille ?*

*With a Fal, la, la.*

( 5 )

VII.

Brisk Lady M--r--y trips the Park  
Each Day for Morning Air,  
Attended by her Scarlet Spark,  
Kind Guardian of the Fair:  
Her Spouse disturbs not his Repose  
At Honour's Debts, or Pale-fac'd Beaus.  
*With a Fal, la, la.*

VIII.

The Chariot's order'd just at Five  
By T----n to her Prayers:  
John, where you was last Night, pray drive;  
Don't Babble for your Ears.  
But why should this Gay Girl be blam'd,  
When her Mamma can do the same  
*With a Fal, la, la.*

IX.

Near to N---th---pton's Antient Town,  
As Stories do relate,  
There liv'd a Pair whom Hymen crown'd;  
But O ! Unhappy Fate  
The Tenderest Husband now complains,  
TRUE BLUE hath left the foulest Stains.  
*With a Fal, la, la.*

X.

The Warriour, conscious of his Crime,  
Forsook the Guilty Sheets,  
When Morning coming in its Prime,  
And cowardly retreats:  
Hail, Hail, thrice Hail, the Bottle-Rack,  
When Vengeance peep'd behind his Back.  
*With a Fal, la, la.*

( 6 )

XI.

Polly still wantons in Excess,  
And in her Hero's Arms  
Till in his Eyes her Charms grow less.

And some new Face alarms  
For to confound the Joys of Life  
And make a yet more wretched Wife  
*With a Fal, la, la.*

XII.

One D---s Meets another Parts,  
Oh! sad uncertain State  
Of the Most High and Noble Hearts  
Most miserably Great!  
The Failest D---s in this Land  
Still mourns her silent Loss  
*With a Fal, la, la.*

XIII.

C-milla rivals all in Dress  
At Courtly Shows and Balls  
Her Tissue Rich and Finest Laze  
For Admiration calls  
If once her Rural Mien fails Grace  
She charms her Confort into Place  
*With a Fal, la, la.*

XIV.

Psyche at Home's confined to sit  
Her P---s to entertain  
At Ombre, Quadrille, or Picquet  
Late Visits must refrain  
He ramble will no more astray  
Nor Odd Sights show to L-y Keggs  
*With a Fal, la, la.*

JX

B

XV.

## xv.

L--d Rattle keeps a single Brace,  
 The more for Mode than Use ;  
 His Sins have brought him off his Pace,  
 A Life ne'er more Profuse.  
 When Helpmate's Tongue doth fire his Blood,  
 Like Chartres, I swears he'll keep a Stud.  
*With a Fal, la, la.*

## xvi.

Fine H--y seeing her Spouse decline,  
 Advises Foreign Air, *London*, New o' G  
 At Midnight Revels she may shine  
 Amongst the Gallant Fair. *London*, A  
 He one Way walks, and she another,  
 Th' Example of a goodly Mother. *London*, T  
*With a Fal, la, la.*

## xvii.

Poor Sappho's Tears are quite dry'd up,  
 For her Departed Spouse,  
 Of Sorrow's and Affliction's Cup,  
 Did heartily Carouse.  
 She tire will the greatest Turk,  
 The *Finches* Five can't do her Work.  
*With a Fal, la, la.*

## xviii.

Though S---h Stricken much in Years,  
 Loves still to hear the Sport,  
 And oftentimes falls into Tears,  
 For strange Things done at C---t ;  
 Of Lady This, and Lady That,  
 She'll leave her Bags whole Hours to chat.  
*With a Fal, la, la.*

## xix.

## XIX.

From Wealthy *L---street* and *M---rk---ne*,  
 Mark well what I do say ;  
 Two wanton Dames of Buxom Fame,  
 In Jewels Rich and Gay,  
*Assemble* at each *Carding-Room*,  
 Neglecting all that's Dear at Home.

*With a Fal, la, la.*

## XX.

From thence with *Ribbons* of all *Hues*,  
 To well-known *S---ff---k---street*,  
 That famous Rival of the Stews,  
 A safe and snug Retreat ;  
 Kind Husbands may expostulate,  
 Till your Repentance comes too late.

*With a Fal, la, la.*

